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## THE MYSTERY OF THE GOLDEN LLAMA.

By E. J. ROCKE SURRAGE.

A TALE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—THE GOLDEN LLAMA.

WHEN Mrs Placer first told me that a foreign gentleman had been to see her first-floor set and was coming in on the Tuesday night, I simply nodded my head and said that I was very glad to hear it, and hoped he would be a decent sort of man. I can truthfully declare that, so far from feeling any symptoms of that mysterious presentiment which, we are told, usually heralds a coming evil of supernatural agency, my only sensation was one of pleasure at the prospect of having a companion to share the solitude of my lodgings.

I was very solitary at that period of my life. It was more than six months since I had left my Berwickshire home, a lad fresh from the enthusiasms of college life, to follow the uncertain calling of a man of letters in London; and if I had found any one thing more difficult of attainment than the production of remunerative work, that thing was the friendship of men of my own position. It may have been due to my Northern cautiousness, or to my Northern roughness of exterior, or perhaps merely to my own feeling of strangeness and reserve; but the fact remains that at that time I could not count one friend in the whole great crowded wilderness in which I lived, and that the evenings which succeeded my laborious days were usually spent in the unrelieved solitude of my own room. True, I was on excellent terms with the buxom Mrs Placer—a model landlady, honest, hard-working, and conscientious beyond one's conceptions of her class; but Mrs Placer's conversation, consisting wholly as it did of elegiac dissertations on her late husband's virtues and of such portion of the vapid gossip of the street as had been filtered over

the neighbours' door-steps or distilled through the taciturn lips of the milkman, left much to be desired as an intellectual relaxation. Moreover, the modest street itself in which I lived—a sort of poor relation of Bloomsbury, through which could be traced a quite unacknowledged connection with the purlieus of Gray's Inn Road—was not conducive to the supply of much variety to a monotonous life such as mine. So that I was unfeignedly pleased to hear that the first-floor rooms, which had been so long unlet, were at last to have a tenant, even if that tenant were, as Mrs Placer stated, a 'foreign gentleman.'

It was on one Sunday morning that Mrs Placer, pausing for an instant in her interesting description of 'No. 27's' funeral on the previous day, announced the imminence of the stranger's arrival. On Tuesday evening he came.

I did not see him for several days; but I heard of him through Mrs Placer. Her daily gossip became intermixed with scraps of information relative to her lodger. His name, I learnt, was Señor Juan Almiraz. He was a Spaniard, Mrs Placer thought, or he might be a Portuguese; but he spoke English 'just like you or me.' As to the luggage he brought, the landlady had never seen such a lot of trumpery. Books of dried flowers, boxes of dried beetles, outlandish weapons that made you tremble to look at them, and grinning heathen images that brought the heart into your mouth; things dead and things alive, things in bottles and things in drawers, stuffed things and things mummified; things on the walls, and things on the mantelpiece, and things piled up in every corner of the room. 'You never see such a nasty mess

in all your life, sir; you never did, indeed,' was Mrs Placer's discontented summary of the lodger's belongings. For all that, she admitted, he was a nice-spoken gentleman and very quiet; and, if it wasn't for the nasty lot of rubbish he brought with him, she wouldn't have a word to speak against him. He went to the Museum every day and stopped until it closed. No one ever visited him; he seemed very lonely; and he smoked incessantly. Such was Mrs Placer's description of my fellow-lodger.

One night, a week or two after his arrival, he presented himself in my room. My natural reserve had withheld me somehow from appearing to seek his acquaintance, but I was none the less anxious to make it. On the night in question I had heard a knock at the door, and expected the entrance of my landlady. Not hearing the sound of her shuffling footfall and somewhat laboured breathing, I looked up and saw Almirez standing in the doorway. I can picture him to myself now as he stood there against the dark background of the passage, with the light from my lamp shining on his face. A man under middle height, spare, lithe, and muscular, dusky of face and long of arm, with a mass of very slightly grizzled hair brushed back off his broad, protruding forehead. He might from his appearance have been almost any age from twenty-five to fifty; but he was, in fact, I believe, at this time about thirty-eight. He was smiling as he stood in the doorway, with a smile that I never saw absent from his face throughout the five months that I knew him—never but once, and that was the last time that ever I saw the face of Juan Almirez—a smile that lifted the tips of his neatly-trimmed black moustache, and slightly bared the white teeth behind it. A smile that had in it everything that was soft and courteous and gracefully deferential. A smile that was somehow unaccountably at variance with the stern, unyielding scrutiny of his gray eyes. Evidently a man of great mental power, evidently a gentleman in the world's sense of the word, evidently one who had passed long years of his life under a tropical sun. Such was Juan Almirez as I then saw him. He advanced into the room as I rose from my chair, and spoke in a singularly soft voice, that had in it ever so little of a foreign accent.

'The good Mrs Placer has suggested to me that you would not consider it an intrusion if I ask you to allow me to smoke my evening cigar in your company,' he said. 'My name is Almirez. I am lonely here in London, and know no one. It would be a great treat to me—if I do not incommode you—to enjoy a half-hour of your pleasant society.' Nothing could possibly have been said more gracefully; and it was with the utmost cordiality that I invited him to come in and draw his chair towards the fire.

I will say here frankly, once and for all, that I took a great fancy to Juan Almirez. Whatever occurred afterwards to make me doubt my first opinion of him, whatever I may know (or guess) now as to his diabolical designs upon myself, I must yet confess that there was a charm in the man's manner and conversation, a fascination in his quickness of thought, his brightness of intellect, his fantastic humour, his great knowledge of men and countries, above all, in the happiness of his expressions and the variety of his constantly changing moods, such as I have rarely seen in any other man. Throughout the hour that we spent together that evening I felt the charm of his company growing stronger and stronger upon me, until at last I was listening almost spell-bound to the recital of his anecdotes; and it was with very sincere pleasure that I accepted his invitation to return his visit on the following evening.

In that brief hour Almirez seemed to have imparted to me the history of his whole life. The only son of a somewhat wealthy landowner in Ecuador, he had been educated in Europe and brought up to the profession of medicine. But the regularity and responsibilities of a profession were irksome to him; and when his father died and left him an orphan, so comfortably provided for as to be free to follow the promptings of his own inclination, he had elected to renounce his professional career and pursue the life of adventure and research for which he believed Nature had designed him. He was at that time barely twenty-four years old; and during the fourteen years that had elapsed since then, he had travelled in many countries, studied nature from many aspects, written several scientific treatises, and accumulated that collection of curiosities which had struck Mrs Placer with so much horror. In the pursuit of his objects nothing had turned or daunted him. For weeks he had camped on the rigorous slopes of an unexplored peak of snow, till the day should break that gave him opportunity for its ascent; for months he had sought a specimen of some all-but unknown plant, nor relinquished his quest until it was rewarded. It was in the spirit of triumph, and not in that of boasting, that he assured me he had never failed. The greater part of his fourteen years of travel had been spent in the continent of his birth—in the sunless forests of the Amazon, on the wind-swept cordilleras of the Andes, in the desolation of the Patagonian pampas. Finally he had come to London, to study, to develop fresh plans, and classify his collections. When he had had enough of civilisation, he would resume his life of vagabondage. This, in brief, was the history of Juan Almirez, as he told it to me that night in snatches of anecdote and narrative and grave retrospect.

I was punctual in my appointment to visit his rooms on the following evening.

It was a good-sized room, the first-floor parlour; and Mrs Placer had not exaggerated

the untidiness of its contents. Each of the chairs was cumbered with its individual pile of books and papers and wooden collecting-boxes; the mantelpiece had been stripped of all Mrs Placer's treasured prettinesses, and their place usurped by two goodly rows of bottles and jars of spirit, in each of which reposed some gruesome specimen of insect or reptile, or vegetable growth; a heap of oilskin-covered instruments occupied one corner of the room; the opposite side, beneath the windows, was still blocked up with packing-cases, some as yet unopened, some half-emptied of their contents; the air itself tasted dry and heavy and pungent, like the atmosphere of a museum. Almirez was seated at a writing-table, drawn under the chandelier in the middle of the room. As my eyes travelled towards his face, they fell upon something that stood on the table in front of him, something that glittered in the gaslight with the glitter of polished gold. I was too short-sighted to be able to see clearly what it was; but somehow—whether (as I have thought at times) by some sort of instinctive premonition, or whether merely because it was the first distinct object that had caught my eye amid all the confused crowd of articles with which the room was littered—I felt as if I could not take my eyes off it. Even when Almirez had cleared the easiest chair of its haphazard burden, and had drawn his own seat towards the fire, I was still peering curiously at the glittering thing upon the writing-table. He had noticed my attention; and it seemed to amuse him, for his smile became something more natural and more involuntary than was usually the case—a quiet, inscrutable smile, reflecting some humorous thought that would seem to have crossed his brain. Then he took up the glittering thing and placed it in my hands.

It was a rudely moulded image of some shaggy animal—a camel, as it seemed to me—standing about three inches high, and moulded, to all appearance, out of solid gold. On the left flank, the figure of a noon-day sun, circling a human face, and girt with many radiating beams of light, was deeply carved into the metal. The whole was very brightly polished; but the roughness of the workmanship and the redness of the gold made it appear to be of great age.

'I deem that to be the greatest of my curiosities,' Almirez was saying in his soft voice. 'Not on account of its actual value, you understand, but because of its associations and of the great difficulty which I experienced in obtaining it—and find in keeping it. There is a story—but we need not trouble about that.' There was still the same inscrutable smile on his face, as if the humorous thought had not yet quite passed away. 'It is of gold, as you will guess,' he continued; 'and it represents a llama—an animal which we are well acquainted with in the land of my birth. It is of ancient Peruvian workmanship. Very quaint, is it not? Very quaint indeed. It is useful to me as a letter-weight; but I value it beyond that.—But you must see some other of my curiosities.'

And in a few minutes my friend was deeply immersed in the exhibition and explanation of

the alcoholised treasures on the mantelpiece; while I, for my part, listening to his conversation, had almost forgotten the existence of the golden llama.

### HORSELESS CARRIAGES.

THE present century, now drawing to a close, has been one of beneficial innovations and changes, and probably the greatest revolutioniser of all—the one which has had most influence on every department of our national life—exists in the marvellous systems of locomotion and conveyance, with which we are now so familiar.

It is not perhaps too much to say that our successors in the not distant future will wonder at our want of enterprise or forethought in allowing so many years to pass away before we discovered that our railways, even at first so successful, ought to have been supplemented long ago by what are termed 'light railways,' to serve as feeders to the great main lines, and that locomotives to run on the common or public roads would have added greatly to our convenience and prosperity. Very recently, however, the principal hindrance to the use and extension of the latter has been recognised as an intolerable obstacle. There has long been a real and serious demand for the abolition of the penalties which now attach to the running of locomotives on public roads, and one of the last acts of the late Government was to introduce to the House of Commons a Bill of a single clause, it is stated; its purpose being to exempt vehicles propelled by mechanical means from the operation of the Locomotives or Highways Act. At the present time, not even a bicycle driven by steam, or any other similar motor, would be allowed to run on our public roads without two men with red flags, each sixty yards distant, and restricted to a speed of four miles an hour in the country, and two miles in the towns. It is quite conceivable that but for this legislative hindrance, this country, as the pioneer of railways, steam-navigation, and cycles, would have now occupied a more prominent position as regards this movement, which bids fair to become soon a new industry, as well as a new force in civilisation.

It has been the good fortune of our neighbours across 'the silver streak,' that they have had no such preposterous obstacles to hold them back, and so they have been enabled to lead the way in introducing one of the most useful and valuable innovations of modern times. New and great inventions often require time to develop and find their way into general adoption; but in the great trials of road locomotives, recently held in France, the value of the results obtained were so patent and satisfactory as to convince every one that the petroleum motor has a wonderful future before it, and promises to make locomotion on roads both easier, safer, and quicker. For a considerable number of years, French engineers have been actively engaged experimenting on road locomotives, which have apparently reached such a degree of efficiency, that in July 1894 it was resolved to have a competitive trial of

locomotives on the public roads. The run was from Paris to Rouen and back, a distance of eighty miles; and so much interest and enthusiasm were aroused, that it was resolved to carry out this year a similar trial, but on a much more extensive scale.

The route selected was peculiarly difficult and trying. The conditions, as will be seen, were very severe, so much so that many leading experts predicted failure for the whole scheme; and in order to induce competitors to come forward, a sum of three thousand pounds was collected for distribution among a few of the most successful. On the 4th of June last, many thousands of interested spectators had gathered together at the Arc de Triomphe to see the machines start. The route lay through Versailles, Etampes, Orleans, Blois, Tours, Poitiers, and Angoulême to Bordeaux, and back to Paris, a running distance of seven hundred and forty-four miles, certainly a much more serious trial than that of 1894. The route lay through a hilly and difficult country for this kind of travelling. During the first portion of the journey there was an abrupt rise, roughly of over five hundred feet, the highest point at Limours being one hundred and sixty-eight metres above the sea-level; and altogether the route in its course presented every variety of obstacle and difficulty.

The conditions imposed were also of such a character as gave an opportunity of really testing the machines to their utmost capabilities of sustained endurance in the exertion of power. There were to be two or more conductors for each vehicle, and in the event of accident or break-down, no outside assistance was to be allowed. The conductors were to carry with them all necessary materials and tools for repairs, and if the repairs or renewal of any part proved to be beyond the power of the conductors to execute, the machine was held to have retired from the trial as a competitor, and to have failed.

There were twenty-seven locomotives entered for trial—namely, sixteen driven by petroleum, seven by steam, two by electricity, and two bicycles propelled by petroleum. Of the total number, about one-half of the competing carriages ran the complete round, arriving at Paris in good condition. The start was made on the 11th of June last, a petroleum-driven carriage leading the way, the others following, one every three minutes. On the whole, and taking the twenty-seven cars that started, the mishaps were extremely few. Some of these were from what might be called preventable accidents, and none from absolute failure. One of the steam-carriages 'ran over a large dog,' and broke a hind wheel. One broke a piston, while the wheels of another failed shortly after it started. Such are a few of the accidents, and these give a fair representation of the mishaps which occurred throughout the trial. The first prize of fourteen hundred pounds was won by MM. Panhard and Levassor's petroleum locomotive, carrying four passengers. It completed the round journey in fifty-nine and three-quarter hours, giving an average speed of twelve and a half miles an hour. Last year the first prize was divided between the same firm and M. Pengeot.

In summing up the leading features of this most important and valuable experiment, we are met by some very unexpected results. It is somewhat strange to find that electricity, which has been looked on as the motor of the future, makes no show worth mentioning, while steam is quite in the shade; and so far as efficiency, convenience, and cheapness are concerned, the petroleum motor ('Système Daimler') is far ahead of all the others. The only objection raised against petroleum is that it smells disagreeably. In comparison, the objections to steam are manifold—namely, carrying of fuel and water, the noise of steam escaping from the safety-valve, and which cannot be avoided when standing; when in motion, the exhaust steam and occasional discharges of mixed vapour and hot water are annoying, while the cleaning of the fire is disagreeable from the dust and ashes, which are unavoidable.

The petroleum motor is not a complicated combination of mechanical intricacies. It has the merit, at least, of simplicity; it is clean, easy to examine and manage; and a lighted match sets it off on its noiseless career. It has been aptly named a 'horseless carriage,' and being reduced in size, is handy and portable. It will do all that horses can do, and something more; as, for instance, running backwards; but—which is probably an advantage—it cannot move sideways, as horses will at times do. Its speed is, if necessary, beyond that of a horse: twelve and a half miles an hour, and even more if wanted, is good work continued for three hours without stoppage for examination. The carriage has a supply of petroleum for four hours' running, which can be increased to serve for twelve hours' work. Every thirty miles run, a small supply of cold water is required to be used for keeping the working parts cool. Since 1890 these petroleum carriages have been constantly experimented on, and so have made great progress in France. In appearance they are similar to the dogcart or wagonette; but being without horses, are only about half the length. They have two brakes, one for general use, worked by pressure from the foot, for rapid control; the other a powerful combination, with certain and instantaneous action.

There are said to be over two hundred automatic vehicles at work in the streets of Paris alone at the present time. It is also reported that since the trial of road locomotives, the Abeille Hackney Cab Company have ordered two hundred of these carriages for service next year. On the whole, it is generally believed that the petroleum motor is not at all in danger of being superseded by any other motor likely to appear in the future. It is not a costly machine to begin with, considering its general fitness for the purpose intended. It can be kept at work with an expenditure of from one and a half to two francs per day, and about one-third of the cost by any other system, either by horses or automatic machines. The price of a petroleum locomotive ranges from one hundred and sixty-eight pounds to two hundred and forty pounds sterling according to the purpose for which it is intended.

The first journey made in this country in a



petroleum motor carriage was that of Mr Evelyn Ellis, and Mr Simms of the Daimler Motor Syndicate, 49 Leadenhall Street, London, on July 5th. A distance of 56 miles was run between Micheldever, near Winchester, and Datchet, in 5 hours 32 minutes, exclusive of stoppages. The average speed was 9·84 miles an hour, the usual travelling speed being from 8 to 12 miles an hour. Out of 133 horses passed on the way, only two little ponies seem to have been frightened. This car is similar to the one which gained the first prize in the French carriage race, and is a neat, compact four-wheeled dogcart, with accommodation for four persons and two portmanteaus. The consumption of petroleum was little over one halfpenny per mile, and there was no smoke, heat, or smell. The steering is simple, and the car could be brought to a standstill within little more than a yard.

So much has been accomplished in this direction within the last few years, that it is believed by many the time is not far distant when horses, except for riding, will be superseded by mechanical power for farm-work and many other purposes, such as moving and carriage of heavy loads, locomotion, &c. Very recently we have heard of 'light railways,' as supplementary to the great main lines, with considerable anxiety as to their cost. There is a reasonable possibility that the petroleum motor may yet solve this question on public highways, if these are thoroughly prepared for the purpose. It is also possible that, after a few years' experience, the world may be brought to wonder how it existed so long without what may prove in the course of time to be an indispensable necessity.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

By G. MANVILLE FENN.

### CHAPTER XX.—HUMBLE PIE.

'THERE is no hope, and I was mad,' said Wynyan, after a sleepless night. 'Saw through *coulour de rose* spectacles? No,' he cried bitterly; 'I looked at my future through some great magnifying lens, and now I can see the reality with the naked eye. But I am awake now. It has been all a dream, and it is time to be stirring. Well, why not? It is often so: Fate's compensation. She gives us the bitter in one cup, the sweet in the other. Why should not I be up and doing instead of wasting my life here like a drivelling, love-sick idiot? The new land invites me. What did he say—a motive-power for their little navy? How strange! He could not know. And yet he offers it to me. It is Fate again. I am under no tie. I am bound in no way to our Government, and Deconcagua can never be our enemy. A pitiful little South American state. It would only be the frog trying to imitate the ox. I could feel innocent of being a renegade. Pshaw! that is being too thin skinned. What of our great firms who have built ships, made engines, rifles,

bayonets, powder for other nations? There is no reason why, when the tide is at its height for the second time for me—no reason why I should not take the chance which leads to fortune. A boyish idea—a mistake—bitter, but I must forget it. Some day I can laugh at my folly.

'Yes, I should be again mad to cast away such a chance. What did he say—my own terms? Well, I must be the man of the world now, and make my own terms fast this time in black and white, and endorsed by stamps—to be valueless if I felt that I was wronged. Poor old Dalton! he meant well by me; but all our thoughts were on our motor, and we put off the business part. But never mind that. Shall I be doing right in making a bargain with our smooth, flattering Mephisto? Yes: I have no ties whatever, and it is time to study self. A bright tropical country, a high position, wealth, and perhaps—a beautiful wife! Does he mean to give me that dark-eyed, soulless toy? No: only a bait. Well, that is one side of the question. Let's see the reverse: Years of struggling, disappointment, and possibly failure, while I hear of Brant's good fortune, and sit in my den, biting my nails with envy, heart-sick at his successes; for it would come to that—it would come to that.—Not one look last night, after what was at best but a friendly chat!'

'Yes: these are both sides of the question,' cried Wynyan excitedly. 'Now, what shall I do? Spin up a coin,' he added, with a reckless laugh, 'and let that decide? No: I'll be the calm business man now,' he said quietly. 'There is no need of hesitation: I am free now; and it shall be—yes: I'll go.'

A sharp *rat-lat* upon the iron-clamped oak door.

'Post,' he muttered; but no letter fell into the box. 'Knock again.'

He glanced at his watch. Mid-day; and as he replaced it, there was another knock.

'Just as I was going out,' he muttered pettishly; and he strode to the door, meaning to be brief with his visitor, and then take a cab at once to Victoria Street. But little matters change great causes; and, as he threw open the doors, he started in surprise.

'Hamber!' he cried. 'My dear old fellow, I am glad to see you. Come in.'

'Thank you, Mr Wynyan, thank you, my dear sir,' cried the old man, smiling his satisfaction at the warm greeting. 'This is very good of you—very, very friendly.'

'Why, of course.—Sit down, old fellow. I'm so glad to see you. Just in time, though. Five minutes later, and should have been off on important business.'

'Then, sir, I'm very glad I've caught you. I've come too—on important business.'

'Not so important as mine, Hamber. I've had a splendid offer made to me which I shall accept.'

'Indeed, sir!'

'Yes: to go abroad and take a leading position as engineer for a foreign Government.'

'For—a—for—a—foreign Government, sir?' faltered Hamber.

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'Yes: congratulate me.'

'No, no, no, sir: impossible. No, no, Mr Wynyan; you must not think of such a thing. You are too great a man. We want you here.'

'Great a man!' cried Wynyan mockingly, as he stood resting one foot upon the chair opposite to where the old clerk was seated, wiping his dewy forehead—'great a man! Great enough to be kicked out of his position at the caprice of an insolent jackanapes.'

'Yes, sir! That was so; and jackanapes is the very word to use; but then, you see, he was master—at least he thought he was.'

'What do you mean?' said Wynyan sharply.

'I mean, sir, of course he is master, and yet he isn't. Position gives him the mastery; but he is as ignorant as a child of our great business.'

'Yes, of course. Well, that is all nothing to me.'

'I—I—but—but—excuse me, Mr Wynyan, sir, it is a great deal to you.'

'No, Hamber, nothing at all. I was soft metal: now I am hardened steel.—Well, how are you getting on?'

'Badly, sir. Worried to death.'

'By Brant?'

'No, sir; by the way things are going.—Mr Wynyan, sir, cried the old man, rising excitedly, and catching hold of Wynyan's arm, 'you mustn't talk of going abroad, sir: we want you at Great George Street.'

'So badly that you drove me away.'

'A madman did, sir; but he has repented. Mr Wynyan, sir—he'—

'What?' cried Wynyan, excited now in his turn. 'Brant Dalton repented?'

'Yes, sir; he is quite broken down. He can't get on, and it is like ruin without you. Pray—pray, sir, don't be hard with us, for the sake of my dear old employer and Miss Renée. Forget all the past, sir, and come back and take the helm before the grand old ship goes on the rocks.'

'Then Brant Dalton has sent you?' cried Wynyan, excitedly seizing his visitor by the shoulders.

'Don't—please don't be angry with me, sir. I love the old business, and it would break my heart if it went wrong.'

'Tell me this instant: Brant Dalton sent you?'

'Yes, sir; but please, sir, I am only doing my duty.'

'Yes, I know,' cried Wynyan, thrusting the old man back in his chair. 'Go and tell Brant Dalton'—

'Mr Wynyan, sir, you are angry. Pray, pray don't send me with any rash message which you might repent having said.'

'Repent!' said Wynyan scornfully. 'I repent!—But stop: this is impossible. I met Brant Dalton last night, and he was more insufferably insolent than ever. You say he sent you. When did you see him?'

'Not an hour ago, sir. Mr Wynyan, sir, it's a great triumph for you. You have humbled him to the dust, and he begs of you to come back on your own terms, sir. Think what

that means: what a chance it is for you to be what you always were—a gentleman. Be magnanimous, sir, for Miss Renée's sake.'

'Silence, man!' cried Wynyan sternly.

'Don't, don't be angry with me, sir.'

'I am not, Hamber. Go on. You are, of course, only doing your duty to your employer.'

Wynyan had ceased striding excitedly up and down the room, and stopped opposite to the old man.

'Quick!' he said; 'tell me how matters stand with Dalton and Company. You have that contract from Government to work out the motor?'

'Yes, sir, our—your great patent?'

'Your great patent,' said Wynyan bitterly.

'Yes, sir; and there has been a great deal of correspondence with Whitehall. They are pressing us to get on with it, and to show them some results, as they have paid down heavily.'

'Well, get on with it, and show them some results.'

'But we cannot, sir. It is impossible,' cried the old man dismally. 'We shall be ruined. Money has been spent in materials and wages to a great extent, Mr Brant being so rash; extra steam-power laid on.'

'There was plenty,' said Wynyan decisively.

'There you are, sir,' cried Hamber; 'you know: we don't. All this has been done, but we get no further. We can draw up estimates, and make drawings, and the works are over yonder; but poor Mr Dalton is dead, you have left us, and there is no master mind, no master key to set all going.'

'Mr Brant,' said Wynyan sarcastically.

'Bah!' cried old Hamber fiercely. 'He knows the odds for the Derby and Oaks; but what does he know about our business? I've been there all these years, sir, and I couldn't do it. Without a leading man at the helm, we are all hopelessly on the rocks.'

'But you threw the pilot overboard to drown, Hamber.'

'Oh yes, sir, I know—I know,' groaned the old man; 'and I'm not fighting for Mr Brant: it's our grand old business—Miss Renée—my dear old master's grand invention—his and yours, sir. Only a few days before he went down to Brighton, he laid his hand on my shoulder. "Hamber," he said, "Mr Wynyan's a genius. We've worked out the grandest idea that ever came to an engineer;" and now this great work is going to wreck unless you will come and help us.'

Wynyan stood gazing straight before him.

'Government will stand no nonsense, sir. They paid up, and they'll have it all back or their pound of flesh.—Mr Wynyan, do you hear me, sir?'

There was no reply for a few moments, while Wynyan gazed in the troubled features before him, and then he spoke in a cool, cynical tone.

'My good old friend, let's look the matter in the face. Suppose I come back, what is it for?'

'Why, sir, to'—

'Stop! Hear me out. I know, and I'll tell you: it is to drag Brant Dalton from among

the rocks, and thrust him out into the tideway—to float into the harbour of success.'

'Yes, sir, it does mean that, of course.'

'And as soon as I have done this, he will pitch me over again.'

'No, no, sir: you must have a thorough agreement with him and insist upon your rights—I'd have a partnership and half share. You would deserve more.'

'Exactly, Hamber,' said Wynyan: 'come back at this man's call for the sake of pounds, shillings, and pence. I do not despise money, but I'm not going to buy it at such a cost. If I came back, it would be as an enemy, not as a friend.'

'Oh, Mr Wynyan, sir, I know how you were insulted, but it isn't Christian-like to talk in that way. You don't want to take revenge upon a man like that.'

'But I do, Hamber; I want to humble him. Time back I only despised the cur's snarlings; but he has bitten me with his vile, poisonous fangs; and if I returned, it would be to see him writhe in his impotence and bitterness at being dependent upon the man he hates.'

'Yes, sir, it would indeed be heaping coals of fire upon your enemy's head; and I'm afraid I should enjoy seeing him wince.'

'So should I, Hamber,' cried Wynyan; 'but no: I can't stoop to come back, even in triumph, and he has raised up such a devil in me by all he has done that I dare not trust myself to come. I should glory in his abasement. Things are best as they are.'

'But the grand old business, sir—the disgrace of failure—the tremendous loss—the old name of Dalton, so honoured all these years—that has been such a power.'

'It is sad, Hamber, but it does not move me. Brant only turns to me as a last resource.'

'Yes, sir, of course; but think of our contract.'

'Well, I had the plans and drawings in my hands, but I gave them up to him honourably.'

'But they are worthless without your guiding brain, sir.'

Wynyan could not help feeling a thrill of satisfaction, but he spoke calmly enough.

'There are plenty of clever men bringing their brains to market: let him buy them.'

'Mr Wynyan!' cried the old clerk piteously; 'don't talk like that. You know that there is not a man living who can bring the invention to perfection.'

'What? I tell you honestly, Hamber, that I believe everything was noted down in the drawings and calculations.'

'Yes, sir, no doubt; but there are parts where it is like an unknown tongue to every one but you. With you to carry it through, it will be a grand success. Without you, a dismal failure.'

'Then,' said Wynyan sternly, 'it cannot harm my poor old friend. He is beyond all our petty ambitions and weak inventions. It must fail: Dalton and Company is only a name to me now.'

The old clerk groaned.

'I have another name to make: not Brant Dalton's—my own. I tell you I am going abroad.'

'But we cannot work for ourselves alone in this world, Mr Wynyan,' pleaded Hamber. 'I am a very old man, sir, now—on the brink of the grave, and nearly ready to pass beyond the dark veil which hides the future. I know all this—how helpless we are, and how, when we would be selfish, we keep on waking to the fact that we cannot fight only for self. Mr Wynyan, my dear boy, you of whom I have always been so proud, and wished that I had married that I might have had such a son—be merciful.'

Wynyan's stern, hard face softened as he saw the tears slowly trickling down the furrows of the old man's face, and he placed his hand in those outstretched pleadingly toward him.

'Do come back, sir. Life is so short. I can say it to you, for I know. My seventy years—what are they? Little more to look back on than a few days. Don't be hard upon us, sir, and raise up a cloud that will cling to you to the very last.'

'I cannot come back, Hamber. I have shown no enmity; I have left Brant Dalton in peaceful possession of that to which I had the major claim.'

'Yes, sir, and if you wanted revenge, you have had it. He has robbed you, and his prize is worthless.'

'Then let him suffer. I was content to lose all.'

'But there are others, sir, as I tried to show you. I did not like to speak, but you force me to. Think of Miss Renée.'

Wynyan snatched away his hand as if he had received a stab, and the scene on the previous night came back—Renée passing out resting upon Brant's arm, without once turning to give him a look; and now his face was hard and stern once more.

'Mr Wynyan—you will come,' whispered the old man.

'To fight for Brant Dalton when he is helpless, for the sake of the woman who will be his wife. You ask too much, Hamber. I am only human. No.'

Hamber took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes, dabbed the drops from his dewy brow, and then in a hopeless way he stood looking at Wynyan, as he wiped his cold damp hands.

'But this can't be you speaking, Mr Wynyan. You can't hold to that, sir,' cried the old man passionately, as a fresh access of power seemed to come to him. 'Oh sir, this is not you.'

'No,' cried Wynyan fiercely, 'it is not my natural self, but the man that Brant Dalton's cowardly persecution has made out of my worse part. From the first day I entered Dalton's office he took a dislike to me, because my tastes were not his and I would not join him in his habits. Then he found a fresh and greater cause for his dislike, and never let slip an opportunity for maligning me to his uncle.'

'Who trusted you as his second self, sir.'

'And increased Brant's hatred. Yes: Robert Dalton fully trusted me, and there was nothing I would not have done to serve him in return.'

'Except come forward now to save his

business from ruin, and his child from suffering, as she must.'

Wynyan gazed wildly at the speaker, who went on.

'That is so, sir,' said the old man sternly. 'I should like to see you stand over Brant Dalton, and lash the scoundrel till he begged for mercy; but you can't do it, sir: it is not your work, and you must come back.'

'Not even if Brant came and humbled himself to me, and begged me.'

'Pshaw!' ejaculated the old man. 'What if he did? He would, if I took that back as your ultimatum; but you don't want that, Mr Wynyan—you couldn't stoop to see him grovel before you, snivelling out his contemptible apology; for what would it mean? Mr Wynyan, I'm going back to Great George Street directly, to tell Brant Dalton that you are coming to the office to take the lead at once—as if nothing had happened.'

'Hamber, I am going to conclude my negotiations, and possibly in a few days I shall be off abroad.'

'No, sir, you are not. You come back to us.'

'What?'

Old Hamber clapped his hands upon Wynyan's shoulders, and stood gazing at him for a few moments in silence.

'That's right: look me straight in the eyes, my boy, and tell me that, knowing all you do, you will deliberately throw us over, and leave us to go to wreck. Now then, Paul Wynyan, tell me that.'

There was silence for a full minute; and then the old man uttered an exultant cry.

'He can't! He can't,' he said, as he let one hand slip down to Wynyan's breast. 'It's pure gold—the heart of a true man—and—and—God bless you, my dear boy! I thank Him—that I have lived to see this day.'

'Hamber! What is it?' cried Wynyan, catching the old man tightly to prevent his falling, for he had ended by grasping the young man's hand in his to raise it to his lips, and then changed colour, reeled, and his head fell sideways upon his shoulder.

'Nothing, sir, nothing,' he said, after a minute or two. 'A little weak: that's all. Not so young as I was. Let me sit here for a few moments.—A glass of water.—Thank you. I'm coming round. I have had a deal of worry; and all this upset me a little. But there—there, I'm quite right now: only a touch of my complaint.'

'Your complaint? I did not know you suffered.'

'No, sir? Thought I showed it pretty plainly now. Anno Domini, Mr Wynyan. That's all.—Now, good-bye, sir. I must get back. The walk will do me good. Do you know, sir, I hardly like getting outside the 'buses now. A bit nervous—from my complaint—What, sir? You will?'

The old man's eyes filled with the weak tears.

'Yes, you are not well enough to go alone. I'll come back with you to the office now.'

Old Hamber's hand closed upon Wynyan's strong arm, and he hardly quitted his grasp till

they were back in the great marble-paved hall.

'In triumph, Mr Wynyan,' the old man whispered; 'but you are too great a ruler to trample on your foes.'

Brant was out.

#### A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SCOT IN THE FAR EAST.

THERE is in these days no career open to the adventurous comparable in excitement, danger, interest, and possible profit, to that of the merchant adventurer of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. From the day he dropped his pilot in the Channel, to the time—often years distant—when he again entered an English port, he was an Ishmaelite, whose own hand must keep his head, for every man's hand was against him. There was no chain of British possessions round the world, and at the embryo 'factories' of the East India Company the 'interloper' was apt to meet with an exceedingly cool reception, if not worse. Dutch, French, Spanish, and Portuguese were of course no fonder of him, and the former in particular were not over-scrupulous as to war or peace time when an opportunity presented itself for securing a valuable cargo at the expense of the 'verdomd Englander.' Besides, for many months he would be as completely cut off from European news as if he were in another planet, so that the adventurer's first intimation of a 'complication' would come from a foreign privateer or man-of-war; and he would speedily find himself, minus ship, goods, and cash, in highly insanitary quarters at Batavia or Pondicherry. Piracy, too, in those days might almost be called a branch of recognised industry, so extensive were its operations, and so feeble the efforts to check it. The adventurer traded with his barbarous or semi-barbarous customers, literally, goods in one hand, and pistol in the other. Sometimes a petty tyrant would demand the help of the European's arms against enemies or rebels, as the price of allowing him to trade; and very likely the same arms had to be brought into requisition before the potentate could be induced to 'pay up.' Add to these the perils of storm and typhoon, to be encountered, perhaps, with three-quarters of the crew disabled with scurvy, of fever-stricken coasts, and uncharted seas, and the most exacting amateur of peril could find little more to desire.

However, Captain Alexander Hamilton, who published his *Account of the East Indies*, in two bulky volumes, at Edinburgh in 1727, does not seem to think that there was anything out of the way in leading this kind of life for five-and-thirty years; after which, as he says, 'having brought back a charm to keep the meagre devil [poverty] from entering his house,' he employed himself in the composition of his book. Though he commences with a formidable preface, he does not tell us much about himself, except that he went very young to travel, 'not for want, for there is enough of that in my own country; but having a rambling mind and a fortune too narrow to travel like a gentleman, I applied myself to study in Neptune's uni-



versity, and in time became a master of arts.' A Dugald Dalgetty, in fact, with a nautical and trading turn instead of a military one; but always ready for a fight, ashore or afloat, if it came in the way of business; shrewd, masterful, and daring; ever ready to do a good turn, or requite an ill one; of considerable education, and a strong sense of humour, though of somewhat too broad and seamanlike a sort for these more squeamish days. His humour, indeed, is alone sufficient to distinguish the Captain's book from the dreary itineraries produced by travellers of his day and long afterwards; but he also gives a curious and valuable account of the state of the East, and the relations to each other of the European powers who had established themselves there.

In Hamilton's time (1688-1723) the principal states of Asia were in transition; the old powers and dynasties were breaking up, and it was nowhere apparent what was to succeed them. Persia had fallen into anarchy, and, after the incapable Shah Hussein, last of the Sûfi dynasty (the 'Sophies of Persia'), some thirty years of murder and usurpation elapsed, till Nadir Shah for a few years made the name of Persia a terror to India and Central Asia. In India, the Mogul Empire was shaking, and even before the death of Aurungzebe, it began to break up, province by province. In China, the present Manchu dynasty was far from having established its rule, and the southern and western provinces were devastated by vast hordes of so-called 'rebels,' who were in fact simply those brigands and robbers who spring up as from dragons' teeth when an Oriental Government is overthrown, and, as we have found in Burma, give more trouble to the successors than the regular forces. The Indo-Chinese kingdoms were in a chronic state of war of the Chinese kind, in which no quarter is given to non-combatants; and Japan only kept the even tenor of her way. Among Europeans, the Dutch held the foremost place. Their powerful navy, and the possession of a strong *point d'appui* at Batavia, gave them a vast advantage over the English and French, whose scattered factories depended largely on Europe for supplies and assistance.

Our Scotch Ulysses has a very hearty dislike for 'our dear allies,' and indeed the hideous story of the murder of the English traders at Amboyna in 1622 would excuse it. A score of writers, from Tavernier to the unpleasantly realistic 'Perelaaer,' assure us that the fault of the Dutch in India lies not only in giving too little and asking too much, but in treachery, cruelty, rapacity, and corruption. But meanwhile, they seemed on a fair way to become the foremost European power in the East. They had taken Malacca, Colombo, Galle, and Trincomalee from the Portuguese, of whose brilliant but short-lived colonial empire little remained but Goa, where, says Hamilton, 'thirty thousand church vermin live idly on the labour and sweat of the miserable laity.' The Muscat Arabs had deprived the Portuguese of much of their possessions on the African and Arabian coasts. Their famous port of Ormuz fell in the beginning of the seventeenth century to a combined attack from Shah Abbas and an English force.

'Tradition reports that there was so much ready-money found in the castle that it was measured by long-boats full, and one boat being pretty full, and an officer still throwing in more, the boatswain of the ship swore that he would throw it in the sea if they put in more, for he could not tell what would satisfy them if not a boat full of money.'

The latter half of the seventeenth century was the golden age of piracy. In 1695 one Captain Avery or Evory took a ship of the Moguls on her way to Jeddah, with the incredible booty of two and a half million rupees. It seems to have been accounted exceptional humanity in him to 'let the ship go without torturing any of the people.' In the same year, a 'syndicate' of pirates hoisted the 'Jolly Roger' on Perim, and began fortifications; but, from want of water, they removed to Île St Marie, the present French settlement of Port Louis. These were the famous 'Madagascar pirates,' so long the terror of the Indian seas. A deserved retribution overtook them in 1704. 'One Millar, with a cargo of strong ale and brandy, that he carried to sell them, killed above five hundred of them by carousing, though they took his ship and cargo as a present from him, and his crew joined the pirates.' What an incident for the late Mr Stevenson!

In such times the European adventurer found boundless scope. A man of Hamilton's stamp might have risen as did Constantine Phaulcon, the Levantine sailor, who became Prime Minister to the king of Siam (1683-88). Or he might have carved out a kingdom for himself, like George Thomas, the runaway man-o'-war's man, who was first a Mahratta general, and then an independent Rajah of the Punjab (1780-1801). But Hamilton would have none of such risky eminence; and when in 1703 the Rajah of Johore made him a present of the island of Singapore, he declined it with thanks 'as of no use to a private person, though a proper place for a company to settle a factory on.' The early history of the East India Company contains very little for an Englishman to be proud of. The instructions of the Governors and factors were, to get and send to Leadenhall Street as much money as possible, no matter how, and to preserve their monopoly by any means. The latter they had some reason to be jealous of, for the amount required for bribes and *dasturi* to the Court at home was prodigious, and they were always liable to be out-bidden. Hamilton records that the Dutch paid one hundred thousand pounds to Charles II. to forbid the Company to retake Bantam, after they had fitted out a fleet at enormous expense.

The Governor of the East India Company at this time was that Sir Josiah Child who sent to his subordinates at Bombay the famous despatch, 'I expect that my will and orders shall be your rule, and not the laws of England, which are a heap of nonsense compiled by a few ignorant country gentlemen.' These instructions were certainly not needed by his namesake, 'General' John Child, Governor of Bombay, an official worthy of the Russian Tchinn. The stories of this man's doings, which Hamilton gives at great length, rival anything that has been written of Russia, and

give one a very poor opinion of the European community which endured them.

At Madras, or Fort St George, the settlement was organised like an English borough, with mayor, aldermen, clerks, and solicitors complete; 'but I found it a mere farce, for a few pagodas [gold coins] could turn the scale of justice to which side the Governor pleased.' The Governor was only empowered to execute for piracy; but this was a word of curiously elastic meaning. Governor Yale had an English groom who left his service without notice, which act was, by the potentate's direction, brought in flat piracy as ever was committed; and the groom was hanged accordingly. Perhaps no great cities have ever risen under such natural disadvantages as Madras and Calcutta. The founders of the former pitched on a harbourless, surf-beaten strip of barren soil, neglecting the far better sites at Pulicat and Covelong, within a few miles. Calcutta is by no means a sanatorium to-day; but for many years after its foundation, 'the city chose by Charnock 'neath the palms,' was more of a white man's grave than even Sierra Leone. 'One year I was there, and there were reckoned in August about twelve hundred English; and before the beginning of January there were four hundred and sixty burials registered.' Job Charnock, its founder, who was one of the most singular characters in early Anglo-Indian annals, married a Hindu widow, rescued from suttee, and died Hindu himself in all but race.

It is curious to read how, two centuries ago, there were sportsmen who went out to India after big game. One would have thought it an exclusively modern idea; but it appears that in 1678, two gentlemen, Mr Limbourg and Mr Goring, came out from England, and spent three years tiger and buffalo hunting at Karwar, south of Goa, where the Company had a factory. It is much to be regretted that they left no account of their adventures. Would any *shikari* of the present day confront a tiger with such a 'fusil' as was used in the seventeenth century?

Hamilton's observations are of course confined to the coast districts of the countries he visited; but there is much shrewdness, as well as humour, in his accounts of his dealings with the rascally Governors and factors, though he writes of course from the 'interloper's' point of view in his descriptions of priest-ridden Goa; of the equally oppressive religion of Southern India—a bigoted Brahmanism, with ultra severity of caste, mixed with aboriginal devil-worship; the strange marriage, or no-marriage, customs of Malabar; the unique tenure by which the Samorin of Calicut held his throne, being obliged to hold a festival every twelve years, during which, any man who could break through his guards and slay him became his successor; the accurate description of Siam and Pegu, then lately annexed to Burma; and the dreadful glimpse into the 'private life of an Eastern king' of the worst sort, the then Rajah of Johore.

One of the oddest stories in the book is that of a cure performed by 'a noted Malaya doctor' at Malacca. One of the supercargoes of a Scotch ship was taken ill with very strange symptoms. The Dutch doctor whom he consulted advised

him to send for the native practitioner, or rather conjurer, who, when he came, 'told him that he was poisoned, and if he could not tell by what poison, his cure was very desperate.' I advised my friend to let old Beelzebub (for he was a man or walking shadow of a dismal aspect, near a hundred years old) take him into his care; and he complimented the doctor with fifty Dutch dollars. The suspected party was one Mistress Kennedy, a lady of undoubted character, who kept a boarding-house for seamen at Malacca. 'The doctor called for a teacup and some fresh limes. He turned all out of the room but myself and the patient, and filled the teacup with lime juice. He muttered some words, keeping his right hand moving over the cup for three or four minutes, and then shook his old head and looked dejected. He then muttered some other words with a higher voice, and in two minutes the juice in the cup began to boil. I put my finger in the juice, but it retained its coldness. He ordered the patient to send a servant to watch at Mistress Kennedy's door between ten and twelve, and took his leave. About eleven, the spy came and told us that Mistress Kennedy had run stark mad, making a hideous noise, and said she had seen the devil in the garden in a monstrous shape and terrible aspect. She soon after grew furiously mad, scratching and biting every one she could come at, so that they were forced to bind her. In this fit she continued till the morning, when the old conjurer came to visit her. At sight of him she grew calm and sensible. He assured her that this devil she saw should be her continual companion all her days if she did not declare whence she had the poison; which, when she did, the doctor sent for the old witch and threatened to torment her also if she did not declare what poison had been given; which she did; and he took away the devil, and the patient was well in eight or ten days; but Mistress Kennedy looked ever after disturbed, as if continually frightened.' Was this hypnotism 'suggestion' or what? It is certain that to this day there are men among these *pawangs*, as there are among Indian conjurers and witch doctors, who are able to do some very strange and inexplicable things.

Hamilton's descriptions of such plants and animals as came under his notice are very correct, and it is astonishing that with such sources of information, the naturalists of that day should have gone on copying from each other fables as old as Pliny and Arrian. The fact was that, except a few *virtuosi*, no one cared about the truth or otherwise of the descriptions of 'strange beasts,' as long as they were astonishing enough. We read, however, of one Mr Cunningham, head of the English factory at Banjermassin, in Borneo, who, says Hamilton, almost in the very words of Stanley criticising Emin Pasha, 'would spend whole days contemplating the nature and qualities of a butterfly or shellfish, and left the management of the Company's affairs to others, so every one but he was master.' To Hamilton we are indebted for a couple of 'chestnuts,' which have preserved their vitality to the present day. One is the story of the tailor who pricked the elephant's trunk with his needle, &c; and the other is

that of the employé of the Company who accounted for certain missing rupees as eaten by white ants. This story really seems immortal, for in a 'globe-trotter's' book of 1890 it is related as happening in the present century. The actual fact is, that about 1680, one Potts, head of the Company's factory at Ayuthia, the former capital of Siam, accounted in this way for five hundred chests of Japanese copper which he had embezzled; and the statement seems to have passed current.

The English trade with Siam in those days was a large and profitable one. Many English were in the service of the king, even the *Shahbandar*, or collector of customs, being an Englishman; and there were also many independent European merchants. Unfortunately, the prosperity of these 'interlopers' so vexed the *dis-Honourable Company*, that they threatened Siam with war unless their rivals were expelled. Captain Weldon, who delivered this message, behaved with such insolence, that the Siamese attacked him when ashore; and on his escape, the mob made an indiscriminate massacre of all the English they could find, thus accomplishing the Company's design. Hamilton himself had a narrow escape from the machinations of Collet, the Governor of Madras, whose agent at Siam brought against him the charge of speaking treason against the king. The treason consisted in saying that the king was imposed upon—a capital offence; but, luckily for the worthy captain, the accuser was in such a hurry to bring the charge that he quite forgot his principal witness did not understand a word of Hindustani, in which the said treason was spoken; and the case was dismissed ignominiously.

There is a good deal of fine confused fighting in the book; but the war correspondent was not yet, and the particulars of battle and skirmish are curt enough, though, no doubt, the veteran adventurer in his well-earned retirement could tell stirring tales. At one time he actually blockaded the port of Acheen single-handed—it must be remembered that an East Indiaman was practically a man-o'-war in armament—and brought the rulers to terms; which is more than the Dutch have been able to do after twenty years of desultory war and expending over £25,000,000. Towards the end of his career, in 1721, he was at Bandar Abbas when it was attacked by some 4000 Baluchis. He landed thirty-six men to assist the English factory, and the garrison of about fifty beat off the looters, who, however, plundered the town of £200,000 worth of goods and carried off 14,000 captives.

The most noteworthy affair Hamilton was engaged in happened at Karwar in 1718. The Rajah of Vizapore attacked the Company's settlement with a force of some 7000 men, but was unable to take the factory. 'When our reinforcements came, we could muster in our fleet of seamen and soldiers 2250 men. When all was ready, we landed 1250 men.' With such a force, Clive or Forde would have scattered the Rajah's 7000 to the winds; 'but our fresh-water land officers were so long drawing up their men in a confounded hollow square, that the enemy, who were already in retreat, took

courage, and came running towards our men, which our commandant seeing, pulled off his red coat and vanished. Some other as valiant captains as he took example, and then the soldiers followed, and threw away their arms. We lost in this skirmish 250 men (pretty well for a "skirmish!"); but the fire of the ships would not suffer the enemy to pursue, and some sailors went on the field and gathered 200 muskets, most of them loaded.'

There was not much promise of an Indian Empire in this; but here is another anecdote showing still more strongly to what the national character had come under the later Stuarts. In 1700, Hamilton was at Amoy in company with a king's ship, the *Harwich*, of fifty guns, commanded by one Captain Cock. 'The seamen,' says Macaulay, speaking of that period, 'were not gentlemen, and the gentlemen were not seamen,' but this commander was neither one nor the other. There were three ships from England, and one from Surat, loading at Amoy, whose commanders at once went to the local mandarins, and, by a bribe of five hundred taels, and representing the man-o'-war's men as dangerous ruffians, persuaded him to forbid entrance to the *Harwich*. The only reason for this act was a bit of paltry jealousy about lowering their pennants to the king's ship. However, Hamilton stood security for the good behaviour of the crew, and the *Harwich* was brought up to Amoy and careened, as the practice was, for repairs. While this was doing, Captain Cock was 'carousing' on board the Indiamen, having apparently 'made it up,' until he was sobered by the news that his ship on hauling off had got on a rock and become a wreck. Thereupon the gallant officer fell a-crying; but the captains and supercargoes of the Indiamen refused all assistance; and the crew of 182 must have perished of cold and hunger, but for the generosity of Hamilton, who fed and clothed them for a time at his own expense. He then laid the case before the *chungtoek*, or Viceroy, of Fokien, 'who was amazed that any of those ships durst enter our king's dominions that had denied to assist, not only his subjects but his immediate servants;' and gave orders that no ship should be allowed to leave Amoy without taking its quota of the shipwrecked men. Thus checkmated, they consented to do so, though they made their passengers as uncomfortable as they dared. Hamilton took forty of them on board, and lent the captain one thousand dollars without acknowledgment. On arriving in England, twenty years after, he wrote to remind the captain of the circumstance; but that gentleman professed to have no recollection of the affair, 'and paid the debt of nature without taking notice of the one due to me.'

To conclude with a pleasanter anecdote, and one more in keeping with the popular notion of a sailor, 'of a comical passage between a mandarin and an English sailor. The mandarin going in his *chair* (that is, litter or palanquin) with his retinue, met a sailor with a keg of arrack under his arm, who was so mannerly as to walk aside and leave the mandarin the middle of the street; but one of his retinue gave the sailor a box on the ear. The sailor expressed himself nautically, and gave the aggressor a box in return. The

mandarin sent for the English linguist [interpreter], and bade him inquire of the sailor why he gave him that affront. The sailor swore that the mandarin had affronted him, and offered to box the mandarin or any of his gang for a dollar, and with that produced it. The mandarin ordered the linguist to tell him what the sailor said, and why he pulled his money out; and when he heard, he was like to fall off his chair with laughing. He had a Tartar in his retinue who was famous for boxing, and called for him to try his skill on the Englishman. "The Tartar was a lusty man; the sailor short but well set. The Tartars use to kick at the stomach, and the first time he kicked, the sailor had him on his back. He desired then to have a fair bout of boxing without tripping, which Jack agreed to, and so battered the Tartar's face and breast that he was forced to yield to Old England. The mandarin was so pleased with the bravery of the sailor, that he made him a present of ten taels of silver."

It is evident that the mandarin was himself a Tartar, for Jack would not have got off so easily had he affronted the dignity of a genuine Chinese 'literate,' with his mixture of pedantry, effeminacy, and wooden-headed conceit, and therefore he might be thought fortunate in 'catching a Tartar.'

#### DAPHNE.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

... There is always work  
And tools to work withal for those who will;  
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.

LOWELL.

TALL, angular, and peculiarly plain, she was the wife of a Queensland Bush Carrier; and it is, I believe, an accepted fact that ladies of that station are not noted either for their culture or their refinement.

Crawling with heavily laden bullock wagons across plains and never-ending scrubs would not appear to be an existence possessed of many charms, and yet I believe there is no case on record of a man or woman who, having once served his or her apprenticeship to the trade, has ever returned to a civilised life again.

In the Queensland Bush carrying-trade, you must understand, there are three main arteries, the townships of Hughenden, Longreach, and Charleville, and from each of these places there flows continually a stream of enormous table-topped wagons, bound for stations in the Great West, all more or less remote from what is generally supposed to make life worth living.

The existence of the carrier is rough to a terrible degree, and must in no way be confounded with that of the respectable, jog-trot class who ply their trade in English rural districts. Let me picture for you a night's camp of one of these nomad families.

Imagine a treeless plain, say some two or three hundred miles from civilisation, extending as far as the eye can reach on every side.

In the foreground you will probably have a fair-sized water-hole, up to the side of which, as you look, lumbers an enormous wagon, piled with loading of every kind and description, and drawn by perhaps twenty bullocks. Worn after their long day's march, the team drags up to the water and then comes to a halt with a deep grunt of satisfaction. The sun, which throughout the day has caused them untold agonies, now lies low upon the horizon, turning the dreary plain into the likeness of a waveless sea, and painting the placid water-hole with colours of ever-changing beauty. Once at a standstill, the work of unyoking commences; and after this is accomplished, the off-sider, or driver's assistant, bells certain bullocks, and conducts the herd to water and the best grass: the driver meanwhile places the yokes in proper order upon the pole, preparatory to an early start upon the morrow.

The carrier's wife, by this time, has descended from her perch on the summit of the load, and, with a crowd of nut-brown children at her heels, has set about her preparation of the evening meal. Ere it is eaten, the sun has packed his pillows in the west, and dropped into his crimson bed.

As daylight disappears, and without an interval of twilight, darkness descends upon the plain, and one by one sundry jewels drop out of the treasure-house of night to deck the canopy of heaven. The stillness is most remarkable, and later on, when each member of the tiny party has found a resting-place among the loading or beneath the wagon, it becomes even more intense, till only the whistle of a curlew, the cry of a marauding dingo, or the distant boom of the bullock bells jars upon the sleeping night.

By daybreak the community is once more astir, and when breakfast has been eaten, the team is yoked up. Then the woman places herself and children upon the top of the wagon, the carrier takes his place and cracks his heavy whip, the bullocks sway forward, and once more the journey is resumed across the same interminable plain. So, week in week out, from year's end to year's end, the same life goes forward, never varying save when rain, or scarcity of grass, makes the track unpassable. Small wonder, therefore, that the women grow to be hard and rough, consorting, as they do, with none but the sternest of the opposite sex, and daily doing work that would test the patience and endurance of the strongest man. These are some of the folk who in reality do the building up of our Colonies, although the credit goes to another noisier, uglier, and far less useful class. But to get back to my story.

As I have said at the beginning, she was tall, angular, and peculiarly plain, and, in spite of the glaring incongruity of it, it must be recorded that her baptismal name was Daphne. Her husband was a carrier on the Hilgeree-



Kalaba track, and she was at once the brain and mainstay of his business.

My first acquaintance with them occurred on the edge of a Boree scrub, a dismal place, and more than a hundred miles removed from either of the above townships. They were camped beside a big water-hole, and on dismounting from my horse, I was introduced by the carrier, with becoming ceremony, to his wife. Great were the proofs of friendship they showed to me, and long will I cherish the memory of that rough but hearty hospitality. Next morning I went my way, they theirs, and it was not for nearly a year that we met again.

When next I heard of them, Daphne was in the township hospital, recovering from a serious accident occasioned by a fall from the wagon; and her husband, an enormously built man, with a rough manner, which, by those unskilled in such matters, might easily have been mistaken for insolence, had that very day returned with loading from the west. By inquiring after his wife, whose illness I was aware of, I touched the right string; for his eyes lit up, his voice softened, and he answered my questions with surprising meekness.

'She was getting on well,' he said; 'but all the same, it was terrible slow work.'

Now, it must be known here that although the Kalaba hospital occupies the best position in that township, even then, it is, if anything, a little less cheerful than an undertaker's show-room. Great gray plains surround it on three sides; the township, with its ugly whitewashed roofs, stares at it from the fourth; and it would be impossible to say which view would be likely to have the most depressing effect upon an invalid. I am told that Kalaba was only designed as a dépôt for the Great West, and I console myself with the reflection that in the very near future the Overland Railway will obviate that necessity, and then it will be scattered to the four winds of heaven. At present it is the Decalogue turned backwards.

When my business was finished, I rode up to the hospital and left some newspapers. Daphne being the only patient, I found her occupying the best bed in the only ward. Her wiry black hair straggled in rank confusion about the pillow, while her complexion harmonised, as near as a well-tanned skin would permit, with the dingy whiteness of the counterpane. Only the great dark honest eyes lent relief to the monotony of her expression, and they were now full of something which, when read aright, spelt hopelessness of an extraordinary degree.

Towards the end of the afternoon the husband made his appearance, and, preceded by the matron, stalked into his wife's presence. For a moment he stood in the doorway, dazed, bewildered perhaps by the half darkness; then, recognising his wife, he advanced towards the bed.

'Daphne, old gal,' he said, with a little tremor in his voice, as he bent over her, 'an' 'ow's it with ee now? Ye looks better by a darned sight!'

She gave a little sigh before she replied.

'I'm nearly well now, Bill; better'n I 'ave been by a long chalk. Sit ye down, old man,

and tell us 'ow it goes with the children an' the team!'

Bill sat very gingerly on the edge of the bed, and as if out of compliment to the peculiar cleanliness of the place, fell to scrubbing his face with a flaring red cotton handkerchief.

'The kids is fit, an' the team's first class!' he answered.

Then with a gesture of almost awe, he assumed possession of one of the thin brown hands upon the coverlet.

'My lass, 'ow dog poor yer 'ands has got, to be sure; but they was always pretty 'ands to my thinkin'.'

Daphne patted his great brown paws and allowed a little wan smile of gratified vanity to flicker across her face. Let the woman be ever so old and plain, she is never beyond the reach of a compliment from the man she loves.

'An' 'ow's the roads lookin' out back?' she asked.

'Al, an' no mistake; green as a leaf all the way. From here to Kidgeree Creek there's water in every hole, an' the little wild-flowers yer used to like is that thick along the track, yer can hardly see the grass for 'em. I brought yer some!'

Out of the lining of his big cabbage-tree hat, he took a tiny bunch of Bush blue-bells and placed them in her hand. It was a critical moment for both of them. He was acutely afraid of ridicule; she, for some reason she could not have explained, did not know whether to laugh or cry.

She laid the flowers on the table by her bedside, and then turned to her husband, the better to express her thanks.

'Bill,' she said softly, 'you was allus a good chap to me!'

'Nay, nay, my lass, you mustn't say that. You don't know 'ow we misses yer out yonder; things ain't the same at all without you. Make 'aste an' get well an' come back to the kids an' me, an' let's get out of this 'ere town.'

'Bill! I shan't be!'

'Shan't be what, lass?'

He looked rather anxiously down at her.

'I shan't be!— The weak voice paused as if to think of a word, then she seemed to choke, and after that a painful silence ensued. Finally she said: 'I—I shan't be long.'

Bill gave a sigh of relief and continued: 'I'm 'avin' new tires put on the fore-wheels, an' we've got the new pair o' steers in place o' Billabong an' Blossom that were too old for work. We've got full loadin' out to the Diamantina an' back, an' when the trip's done there'll perhaps be a matter of twenty pounds to put into the stocking for the kids. Get well, my lass, an' come back to yer place on the load: the Bush wind, an' the blue sky, an' the sight o' them wild-flowers'll soon set yer right. Yer ain't feelin' any worse, are yer?'

'No, old man; the doctor says I'll be out again this side o' Sunday.'

'That's the talk! We're camped down yonder on the Creek, an' the day ye're out I'll come up an' fetch yer meself. The team'll be all fresh, the loadin' 'll be aboard, an' the very next mornin' we'll have the yokes on, an' be where a man's got room to breathe!'

'Why, Bill, I never 'eard yer talk so before! It's like what the parson, who comes here every Monday, calls poetry!'

There was an ocean of pathos in the man's reply.

'Yer see, old girl, I must talk a bit different, for yer ain't never been ill like this afore!'

Another long silence fell upon the pair. Then he rose to say good-bye, and his wife's face grew, if possible, paler than before.

'Bill!' she began falteringly, 'I've been a-tryin' all the time yer've been here to tell yer somethin', but I dunno 'ow to begin. It's this way!—'

'Out, wi' it, my lass. What's wrong? Ain't they been a-treatin' yer well in 'orspital?'

'It's not that, Bill,' she answered. 'But there, I can't tell you. Flesh and blood couldn't, let alone yer wife. You must just ask the doctor, when yer get outside, if 'e's got anythin' to say agin' me walkin' with the team, will yer?'

'If yer says so, in course. But Daphne, there ain't nothin' agin' it, is there?'

'You ax 'im; 'e'll tell yer, Bill.—But 'ere's the matron coming: I guess yer'd better be goin'. Tell them kiddies their mother ain't forgot 'em!'

Raising herself with an effort, she pulled the big man's tangled head down to her, and kissed him on the forehead with a gentleness that would have been grotesque, if the sentiment that prompted it had not been so gruesomely pathetic. Then, as the matron approached the bed, he went down the corridor to find the house-surgeon.

The latter, I may tell you, was a rough man, embittered by hard work and insufficient returns; the position of house-surgeon in a Bush hospital being but little sought after by the shining lights of the profession.

When Daphne's husband entered, he was engaged writing to the Board, demanding, for the sixth time, an increase in his meagre salary.

He looked up, and seeing the man before him, said roughly: 'Well! what do you want?'

The carrier shuffled from one foot to the other with evident uneasiness.

'Beg yer pardin, sir, an' sorry for interruptin'; but the missus axed me to ax you as if it were likely yer'd have any objection to 'er walkin' alongside the team when she comes out?'

'Whose missis?—Oh! I understand: the woman in the ward there. Walk beside the team? Good heavens, man! What are you talking about? Are you mad? How on earth can she walk beside the team?'

'I mean, in course, sir, when she's well enough to come out.'

'Well enough to come out? Why, man alive! she's as well now as ever she will be. It was compound fracture of both femur, and a double amputation. *She hasn't a leg to stand on, much less to walk with!* No! No! You'd better look out for a house in the township, and find somebody to move her about for the rest of her life. She'll never be able to travel with you again.—Here! hang it, man, go outside if you're going to be ill!'

'I ax yer pardin, sir, but—if yer don't mind, I'll just sit down for a minute. Everything's—a-goin' round an' round, an' I don't somehow feel kinder well!'

### THE KAFFIRS IN BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA.

MUCH has been written describing the negro race generally, many descriptions of the Kaffirs have appeared in the public prints, both before, during, and since the Zulu war. In some cases, wrong impressions regarding the manners, customs, habits, and even the *personnel* of the natives of this portion of the 'Dark Continent' have been conveyed, unwittingly, but erroneous, nevertheless. For instance, the Zulu Kaffir is sometimes spoken of as a bloodthirsty savage, a treacherous foe, an enemy to the progress of civilisation; and, on the other hand, the white colonist has been described as a grasping tyrant, intent only on reducing the savage to a state of serfdom and slavery, and ignoring him, as incapable of improvement; or if amenable to educational influences, only using his knowledge for vile and bad purposes: whereas, the facts are that the Kaffir is a good-tempered, docile, and useful member of the society which has been forced upon him; and the white man for the most part is anxious to advance his 'black brother' as fast as he shows himself willing and competent to bear the additional responsibility which a higher development of civilisation, from the very nature of the case, involves.

The native races of South Africa are split into many and numerous tribes. The Kaffirs belong to the Bantu stock, and are akin to the Bechuanas, Matabele, &c., but are quite distinct from Hottentots and Bushmen, as well as from the intrusive Malay and Hindu coolie. The physique of the aboriginal native has often been described in print: the 'noble savage' is tall, straight, and of a powerful build. This, it must be borne in mind, is a description of the Zulu warrior, the material which composed the 'Impi' or army of those 'awful' savages whose power, thanks to British arms, is now for ever broken. Chaka, Dingaan, Cetewyo (or, as some spell this last name, Ketchwayo)—these Zulu kings, possessed of despotic power of course, commanded the very flower of the young Zulus to join their regiments; but the bulk of the people are in form and physique pretty much the same as the British or any other nation—short, middle-sized, and tall—fat and thin, fleshy or lean—straight and crooked. As a rule, the more they depart from nature, and conform to civilised methods of dress and living, the oftener is disease shown amongst them. Sad to say, but this deterioration is too plainly marked to be disputed; nor is the reason far to seek. The free life spent in the open air untrammelled by clothing, the plain

but wholesome diet, the hardy habits, and constant exposure to wind and weather, giving place to a residence in a town, to the restraints of clothing, to unusual feeding, to the unnatural, in fact, are surely producing corresponding results.

In the Cape Colony, the Kaffir is losing much of his pristine barbarism. Query, Is he improving under the advance he has made? He is learning to abandon the hut built of wattles and thatch, like a large beehive, and to live in a 'square-built' house, usually built of sods or unburnt bricks, containing one or two rooms with as many doors and windows, and still thatched with the long and strong grass of the country. In a few instances he lives with his family in a house built with burnt bricks, and roofed with galvanised iron or tiles: where he was formerly content with a hut, a mat, a hoe, an axe, and a blanket, he now requires furniture and clothing, ploughs, and implements.

Many of the natives of this part of the Dark Continent are embracing Christianity. The persistent labours of missionaries in their midst, the translation of the Scriptures into their tongue, the establishment of schools on lands granted by the Government; teachers paid or subsidised also by Government; schools under well-qualified and hard-working inspectors, who are thorough masters of the language—all these agencies are producing fruit. One effect upon the native is to cause a dislike to service with the white man. He must have his own house, his horse, his wagon and farm, or trade on his own account; so that it is a common remark amongst employers, 'Give me a raw heathen,' in preference to what is known as a Christian Kaffir. Then, again, unless the religion of Christ gets fully hold of a Kaffir, it is only human nature to copy the white man's vices while professing to worship his God; but that there are many true Christians amongst them is undeniable, and the Gospel is spreading rapidly by means of native agency.

The Kaffir is a born elocutionist, and the earnestness and fervour with which these native preachers and teachers conduct a religious service amongst their own people is an 'example' to the 'icily regular,' 'faultlessly dull' style of their white brethren of the 'cloth.' Of course there are, and it may be to the end of time there will be people who will find fault with missionaries, teachers, civilisation, and progress generally amongst the aborigines; but the truth will win its way in spite of them. Happily, the laws in Natal stringently forbid the sale or use of intoxicating liquor amongst the native population. The Transvaal is following this good plan; and until the Cape passes and carries out an anti-liquor law, the sad demoralisation amongst the coloured people, which is becoming a blot and reproach on Cape legislation, will increase and continue, and, unless prevented and prohibited by legal enactment, will sweep the 'noble savage,' as it did the Red Indian, and as it is doing amongst the Maoris of New Zealand, from the face of the earth.

The negro race is naturally averse to work; it might be remarked *en passant* that his white brother does not care to labour, if his wants can be supplied without complying with the

universal and inexorable law, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' Amongst the males of aboriginal tribes, this law sits very lightly—the rule, as is well known, being for the women to work while the stronger sex amuse themselves with hunting, visiting from kraal to kraal, drinking native beer ('Utyala'), and idling generally. But then the Kaffir coming under British or Boer rule, for the protection of his person and property, has a small annual tax to pay; to obtain this, he must work. His white employer always finding him food and shelter, about one month's work annually pays the tax; with one or two months more to satisfy his very moderate requirements in the clothing line, his year's labour is done, excepting in the case of young men who work to buy cows, and, with the cows, buy a wife—and this after half a century of British rule.

The abolition of polygamy has been the knotty question for legislators all this time, and seems as far off solution as ever. The missionary bodies, with few exceptions, have decided that no polygamist can become a church member; hence, very few indeed, however well disposed, 'colwa'—that is, believe. Of course the missionaries have good reasons for requiring a man to put away all wives but the first, stating that the women can maintain themselves better without the men than with them—but for all that, and especially where there are children, it is an unnatural wrenching of family ties, and the whole question bristles with difficulties. Of course, in the case of unmarried men and women the matter is simple enough, no polygamous marriage by Christian rites being lawful. The purchase or dowry, ten cows per wife, and if she is a very superior 'intombi' (young woman), fifteen or twenty cows, cannot be interfered with, so that the man with a large family of daughters is bound to become rich in cattle. 'Ukulobola' is the name for this wife-traffic. The missionaries are fain to allow it in the case of one wife, though perhaps under some other name.

When we tell the native that in our case 'the boot is generally on the other leg,' and the young lady often brings a dowry to her husband, he tells us that is all right for the white man, but it is not *our* custom. And here comes in the mistake many Europeans make in their dealings with the natives—and all the whites, with very few exceptions, employ Kaffir or Coolie servants—they do not enter into the manners and customs of the natives. If a young man chooses to hand over to the bride's father ten fat cows and steers, who is to prevent it? especially as he knows that beef will be very plentiful at the marriage feast; and native beer—against which there is no law—will flow freely. But it may be said, it will take a young man a long time to earn the wherewithal to purchase ten, twelve, or fifteen cows. Here, again, native custom comes in. The girl's father considerably counts a cow and calf as two, nay, a cow *in* calf will pass for two; and perhaps the young man's father or elder brother or uncle will help him to a beast or two; and the bride's father will allow him a year or two's credit for two or three head of the stipulated 'Ukulobola.' So it will

be seen how easily these difficulties are overcome. In short, in the matter of self-help and mutual help, the whites might often with advantage copy their dark-skinned neighbours.

The native is now settling down. The question arises, Where is he to live? The Government here steps in, and points out that so many large tracts of land are portioned out as locations; but these locations, ample before the devastating wars of Zulu chiefs were stopped by British rule, now, thanks to forty years' peaceful occupation, are becoming crowded. The surplus blacks, therefore, rent land from the white farmers and landowners, or their agents. The British reader must not suppose that the tenant finds a cottage and homestead ready to his hand on the 'three acres and a cow system'; but the farmer shows him a portion of his farm, of possibly six thousand acres; and there the native builds his hut and encloses his cattle kraal, cultivates a few acres of land, with unlimited pasturage for his cattle, sheep, and goats, for which he pays a rent of from thirty shillings to three or four pounds per hut annually. The rent he can easily raise if he is industrious; but his native laziness often prevails, and the rent is paid by the usual process of summons and seizure. When he really finds that his cattle are in danger, he tries to borrow the money. The white farmer advances the cash, or gives him 'tick' for the rent, and he works it out. But the system is eminently unsatisfactory; and this land and labour question still remains another problem which no legislation seems able to cope with.

Of this there is no doubt—the native tribes of South Africa are speedily becoming amenable to civilisation. Unlike the Red Indians, and aborigines of Australia, the Kaffir does *not* die out as the white man proceeds to occupy his country; humane laws foster the well-being of the native. In Natal especially, the increase in the black population is marked and rapid. This fine country, which, fifty years ago, contained only a few thousands of miserable refugees, hiding and fleeing from the ravages of those awful tyrants, Dingaan and Chaka, now contains a black population of about half a million, rejoicing under the benign rule of the 'Queen-Empress' Victoria. It may be that at times the younger men, during a beer-drinking bout, talk some nonsensical rant about retaking the country from the white men. These are speedily silenced by the old men, who will frequently bring both native wit and oratory to bear upon the young and impetuous bragadocios, who are speedily silenced when told that the great white Queen's 'impi' (army) would crush any rebellion with one-tenth the ease with which the savage Zulu nation was subdued. The old men will tell of most awful reminiscences, such as, 'Don't we remember when a man dare not put his head outside his hut door, except at the risk of being brained by a knobkerrie or impaled on an assegai.' They will then wax eloquent on the safety and security of all native tribes under British rule. The Amaswazi tribes were and still are anxious to come under our rule rather than that of the Boers of the Transvaal Republic; but their desire

comes too late, as the Boers were entitled to claim a treaty with Great Britain giving them the right to annex Swaziland—the latter considering she has already as many black children on her hands as she can find nurses and nurseries for. This leads one to remark that the Kaffirs are, after all, only children, just emerging from heathen darkness and superstitions. Their docility is wonderful; their faith in a white man, especially an Englishman, is great; and the progress of Christianity is the hope of the nation, accompanied by all the civilising influences of steam, electricity, and modern inventions.

Native servants have formed a theme for many pens. If the native had really to work for his living, so that twelve months' engagements could be made, he would be a very good servant; his docility and good temper are all in favour of employers. They are employed at all kinds of work—as domestic servants, agricultural labourers, mechanics' assistants, porters, storemen, &c.; and a few of them learn trades, such as blacksmithing, carpentering, and shoemaking. The white mechanic need not fear much from native competition; but the Kaffir and Coolie will always keep the agricultural labourer out of the market, the climate for three or four months in the year being rather trying to a white man for outdoor work. Planters require a small staff of whites as overseers, sugar-boilers, engine-drivers, and the like. But the farmer who has sons or white dependents old enough to work, seldom employs white labour; indeed experience has proved that before a white farm-servant has been six months 'out,' he requires two Kaffirs to wait upon him.

#### WIND VOICES.

WIND, that art wailing through the night,

With the voice of a soul in pain!

Thou hast waked the waves that slept on the shore;

I hear them rise, and dash once more

'Gainst the sullen, fixed, and changeless rock,

Which has stood unmoved through many a shock

Of the raging storm, and the breakers white

That must sweep to the sea again.

Wind, that art wailing through the night,

With the voice of a soul in pain!

Thou hast waked the passion of wild regret,

Which slumbered so long—to rage and fret

'Gainst the pitiless, fixed decrees of life:

As well may the waves with the rock hold strife!

Back—to the tide of the Infinite,

Poor heart, that hast cried in vain!

Wind, that art wailing through the night,

With the voice of a soul in pain!

Thou hast gathered up each cry of earth

That from mortal anguish ever had birth,

At the door of the living to enter in,

Weeping for sorrow and death and sin:

Yet heart, make answer, 'God's will is right,'

And rest in His peace again.

MARY GORGES.

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